SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSE
35p
JAN. 85
SWAMP THING
THE NEW
THERE'S NO STOPPING US NOW.

FROM THE LOG OF THE VIVI-QUINQUEREME "FIND THE LADY":

"CERTAIN ENOUGH, OUR LANDING WAS MORE OR LESS A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"THE TADLING'S PORTAPUDDLE JUST ABOUT DECANTED AGAIN, AND THE JUNIOR UMBRELLA-BIRDS GOT WET HOLDING IT STEADY, OF WHICH THEY ARE FOREVER COMPLAINING.

"FIND THE LADY" HELD UP CONSIDERABLE WELL TO THE ENTRY-BURN, SO IT APPEARS THAT DR. STRIGIFORME WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT... BUT THEN HE MOSTLY IS, THESE WHILES.

"MYSELF AND FRONT-MATE BARTLE FOUND OURSELVES OCCUPIED WRESTLING THE HYSTRICIDE INTO HIS DANGLEWEB, TO STOP HIM ROLLING AROUND PUNCTURING HIS SKIN.

"APLODONTIA USED TO HANDLE HIM SO EASY. I WISH SHE WAS STILL ALIVE.

"HE WAS RAVING FEARSOMELY BAD. JUST BEFORE US MAKING OUR FIRST BOUNCE, I HEARD HIM SHOUT 'THERE IS NO LADY!' AND THEN 'TRIFLES! TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR!'

"I HOPE HE'S WRONG THIS TIME.

"I HOPE IT MOST VIGOROUSLY."

--POG, (SHIPBOSS) AE:8491.4.01.

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ALAN MOORE . SHAWN McMANUS . KAREN BERGER . TATJANA WOOD . JOHN COSTANZA
WRITER GUEST ARTIST EDITOR COLORIST LETTERER

FNIF!

MHHM. ATMOSPHERICALS ABOUT TOLERABLE TO MIDDLING, AND GRAVITIES SUFFICIENT TO KEEP THE STUMP-WATER SETTING IN THE STUMP.

BY MY CALCULATEMENTS, YOU CAN DISENTRAIL WITH COMPLETE DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY...

CHUNK

I... UH...

I... THINK WE FOUND THE LADY.

WE FOUND HER? AFTER ALL THESE INTERMINATIONS AND MILLENDERINESS? YOU'RE NOT ABMUSING ME, BOSS?

MAKING ABMUSEMENTS? ABOUT THE LADY? DEFINFINITELY NOT!

GO HELP DISTRANGLE THE HYSTRICIDE AND TELL THE UMBRELLABIRDS TO BREAK OUT THE SKIPS...

...AND DON'T BE UNMEMBERED TO TELL THE TADLING, AND SEE IF OLD STRIGIFORME IS FETCHABLE NOWABOUTS...

A NEW LADY! A NEW LADY AS ENVIRGINOMENTAL AS THE OLD ONE!

HURF! SOUNDS LIKE AN INCOPROBULL DISLUSION TO ME.

THERE IS NO LADY, SAVE HER LONG SINCE ABANDONED TO THE LONELIEST ANIMALS OF ALL.

WE SEARCH AND ROOTLE 'MIDST THE NEBULAE, MERELY TO OCCUPY OUR TEDIOUS IMMORTALHOOD! WE...

WE...

UH...

HUMF.

I...

I AM OF A SUDDEN BECOME QUITE UNACCOUNTABLY LACHRYMOUS...

4

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

IT *LOOKS* LIKE HER. IT *SMELLS* LIKE HER..

OF COURSE, IT CANNOT ACTUALLY *BE* HER, NOT IN *THIS* REGRETERNAL MISERIVERSE, BUT...

BUT...

PESTIMISTIC OLD SOURQUILL! AS CO-CREATURE AND SHIPBOSS, I COMMASK YOU TO SHUSH YOUR CYANICISMS!

LET'S HOP A SKIP AND SEE IF THERE'S *LOGICAL ANIMALATIONS* HEREBY...

WITH RELIGHTED DELUCTANCE, I FOLLOW.

PSSHH! LUCCA YONDER-WARDS...

UH... HELLO, CUZLING.

IS THIS *YOUR* LADY WE'RE TREADLING ACROSS?

PERHAPS HE JUST FEELS UNPARTIAL TO PROVERBALIZING RIGHT NOW...

HMM. IT'S HARD TO CONFIGURE THE ANGLES ON A FAUREIGNA, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S INVERTICALLY INCLINED.

OH, THEY'LL COME AROUNDWAYS AND SPLIT THE DIFFERACIAL. THEY JUST LIKE *US*, ONLY MORESO ANTISOCIABLE AND A MITE *SMALLER*...

...WHICH IS *PECURIOUS*, CONSITUATING THAT THEIR LADY IS SO *BIG*.

BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO *REPOPLICATE* AND RAISE OUR *CELLU-LITTERS*?

ENOUGH, AND ENOUGHER STILL!

JUST WISH THE *OTHERS* HAD SURVAILED LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH THEIR TUBE-TYKES SPROGGING UP...

STILL, LEASTWISE OLD "*FIND THE LADY*" WON'T OBLIGED TO SING THE *EXTINCT-SONG* NO MORE, NOW WE'RE HEREABOUTS...

THAT'S A MERCY AND A DELIVERATION. HE WAS STARTING TO UNMEMBER THE *WORDS*, AND...

WHUURP!

POG?

ARE YOU UNCONTUDED?

FORTUNATURALLY, I AM. I JUST SKITTLED OVER THIS HERE...

OVER THIS...

SWAMP THING
CREATED BY
LEN WEIN AND BERNI WRIGHTSON

?Z7E..374;

THAT UNTOLLIGIBLE GRUTTERING... CAN THAT BE A REAL LINGUISH?

WHO *CARES*? IT'S GOING TO SPLASTER US ALL OVER ITS *SWOMPING GROUND*!

GOOD BYE-AND-BYE, OLD POG...

EVERYBODY CLUTCH FOR THE CLUMULATIONS AND REMAIN EMOTIONLESS!!

PRECARE FOR A *DEMONSTRI-FICATION*, YOU SHUMBLING SCUMBOGGERY!

NO, STRIGIFORME! THAT *SPOTGUN'S* A RUSKERY *GENTIQUE*!

SEE? WORKS SMOOTH AS A NEW-BOUGHT BABY-BEAKER'S BASE!

FETCH SOME *ANIMANACLES*, AND STAREFUL AS YOU GO! THERE'S PROSSIBLY *MORE* OF THESE *MUDSTERS* LOUCHING HEREAROUND!

YOU UNDISTRAUGHTED YET, BOSS?

I'M... I'M WELL AS CAN BE INSPECTED, BARTLE...

IT'S JUST... WHEN I SAW THAT SHAPERITION, I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT IT WAS...

...THE LONELIEST ANIMAL OF ALL?

YES. ...BUT I CAN SEE NOW IT ISN'T ANYMAL AT *ALL*. IT'S SOME SORT OF *AVEGINATION*...

THERE! THE FLORRIFYING MOSSTROSITY IS IMPINIONED! LET US RETINUE OUR *EXPLORI-GATIONS*...

OH, YOU TROTTLE ON AFOREWARDS.

I CONTEND TO JUST SET HEREWHILES.

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE SETTLED IN COMPLETE LUXECURITY, WE'LL GO AND INQUEST AFTER SOME MORE *CUZLINGS*.

UH...

HELLO?

?=Eit...Ie...9s

SEEMS I WAS UNCONFUTABLE IN MY QUESTIMATION. THAT IS SOME VARIETY OF LINGUISH YOU'RE DECLAMMERING.

YOU'RE AN INTELLICOMMUNICATING LIFE-FORM!

HMM. I DON'T MUCH CARE TO SEE A CO-CREATURE ENSTRAINED. SAW AN EXCESSANT SUM OF INDIQUITIES LIKE THAT BACK ON THE OLD LADY.

I'M GOING TO DISPOWER THE ANIMANACLES.

PLEASE DON'T DISCORPSIFY ME.

E=?!.C..IJS...

L-LIKEWISE.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BE ANTAGRAVATED. YOU'RE MADE OUT OF THE SAME INGREENIENTS AS THE LADY.

YOU MUST BE HER GUARDINER, OR SOME SUCH

I CONFIGURE WE MUST HAVE STARTLIZED YOU AS MUCH AS REVICE-VERSIONAL. I WISH I COULD EXPLACATE, BUT I DON'T SQUEAK YOUR LINGUISH, SO...

WHAT ARE YOU DROODLING?

FLIS...ZZT...

SPIKTURES AND ANIMAGLYPHS? YOU THINK WE COULD COMMUNIFY IN PICTOMIME?

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S HOW WE FIRST MANAGED INTER-SPEECHES CONVERGATION BACK ON THE OLD LADY, BUT

BUT I M NOT ENTIRE RESURED I CAN RECONNECT HOW TO DO IT ANYMORE.

"YOU SEE WE'VE BEEN WANDERLOST FOR SO LONG, AND WE'VE UNDERFED SO MUCH..."

...STILL, I'LL TRY AND TURN MY BEST PAW TO IT.

OUR OLD LADY HAD TWO ILLUNAMATIONS, AND A ROCKLETTING ORBITIARA. SHE WAS GLORGEOUS.

YOU CAN'T TELESCRUTINATE HER FROM HEREABOUTS.

ALL OF CRITTERDOM CONFRATERNATED PLEASABLY, AND NOKIND LAUNCHED A PRESUMPTIVE STRIFE AGAINST NO OTHERKIND.

WE SHOWED NO DISREGLECT OF OUR LADY, AND SHE SHOWED NONE TO US.

BUT THERE WAS ONE SOLITRIBAL BREED OF MISANTHROPOMORPHS WHO REFUSED TO CONVIVICATE WITH ELSEFOLK.

THEY CONSTRICTED THEIR OWN UNCIVILIZATION, AND EXCLUCIFIED ANYKIND ELSE FROM JOINING IT.

THEY WERE THE LONELIEST ANIMALS OF ALL.

THEY TOOK OUR LADY AWAY FROM US...

AND THROUGH ALL THE LONG SINCEWHILES WE'VE BEEN QUESTERING FOR A NEW LADY...

"...WITH TRANQUATIC SLAKES DEEP ENOUGH TO DROWSE OUR BEGRIEVEMENTS."

A PLACE WHERE WE COULD UNMEMBER THE EXPER-MINATIONS AND MEDICRUEL-TIES.

WHERE WE COULD DISRECALL THE PAINDEMONIUM OF THE ASSASSATOIR...

...AND THE UNTELLABLE THINGS THAT FOLLOWED.

THEY BRUTENLY ANNIHMILATED US BY THE MILLINGS. THEY DISGRADED OUR LADY...

EVENTUWHILES, WE HAD TO LEAVE HER *AHIND* OF US...

"...AND VENTURE DESPERATELY FORTH INTO UN-FATHOMED FATHOMS."

CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING.

REGRETVIOUSLY, WE COULDN'T ARCOMMODATE EVERYCREATURE...

SO WE SELOTTERIZED ONE FROM EACH SPECIES.

USING ENGINETICS AND PLASMALTERATIONS, WE MADE EACH ONE *PERPENDUABBLE*, SAVE FOR DEATH BY *DISFORTUNE*...

AND WE MADE THEM SO THAT CELLULITTERS OF ANYGENDER COULD BE BIRTHED FROM THEIR TISSUE...

...JUST AS SOON AS WE FOUND A NEW LADY WITH ROOM ENOUGH FOR US TO REPROCATE.

THAT WAS IMMEMORILLIONS AGO, AND MOST OF US ARE DEAD LONG SINCE TIMES...

...BUT AT LAST WE HAVE ENBEACHED OUR DESPERINATION.

"AT LAST WE CAN REST."

.. AND SO THAT S .. HMM?

WHY DID YOU UNSET YOURSELF?

ARE YOU GOING TO DEPASTURE FOR ELSEABOUTS, OR.. ?

9=.8...J.V=...T7C...

YOU...WANT ME TO ESCOMPANY YOU?

YOU WANT TO DISVEIL SOMETHING TO ME?

WELL, ASSERTAINLY..

...BUT WE MUSTN'T BE UNHASTEFUL, OR MY KINLINGS WILL INFERE THAT YOU'VE UNSCAPED AND DISCORPSIFIED ME

BATON ROUGE 1¾ MILES

RICHIE'S FARM

!

IS IT MUCH *DISTANTER?*

I'M A TARDLING COMPRIZED WITH YOU, AND NOT SO STRIDEFUL ..

≡ TALE..

OH NO. NOT *HERE* AS WELL

GLUTTG...

THEY *CAN'T* OWN *THIS* LADY, *TOO!*

"WE WERE GOING TO BE HAPPY HERE."

DISPARANT CUZLINGS! LONG-LAST BROODLINGS! LET ME EMBRACE YOU!

"WH-WHY?

"WHY DON'T I REACH A REALITIZATION BEFORE MILES?"

HOW CAN I TELL MY SONLINGS THAT I LET MYSELF BE SEDUPED BY A DIGLUSION?

HOW CAN I TELL THE MYSTRICIDE THAT HE WAS RIGHT?

"THAT THERE IS NO LADY..."

...AND THAT IT WAS ALL JUST TRIFLES.

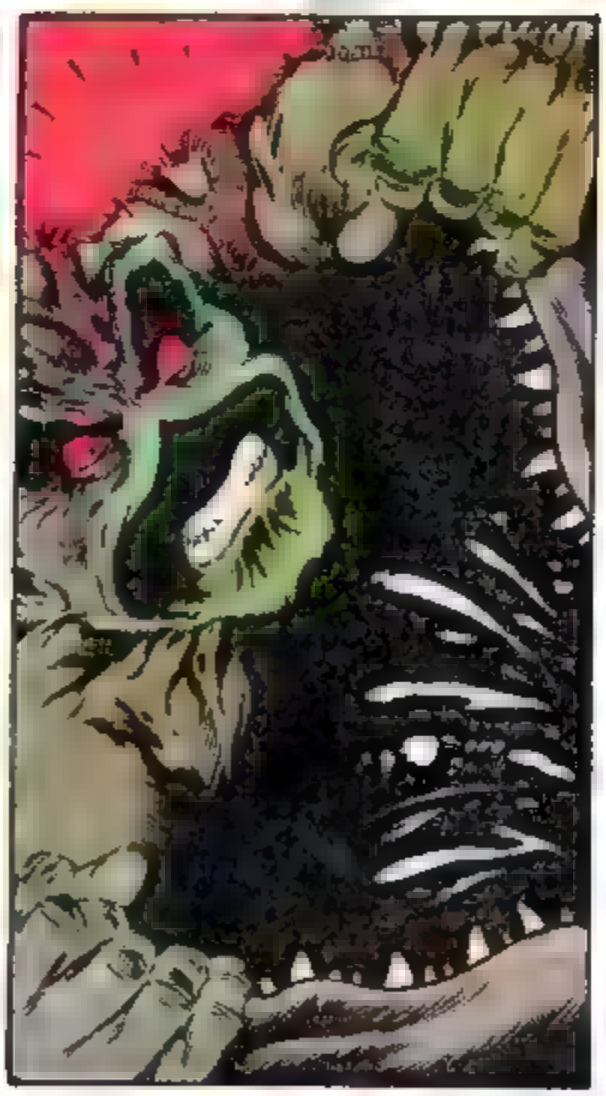
"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

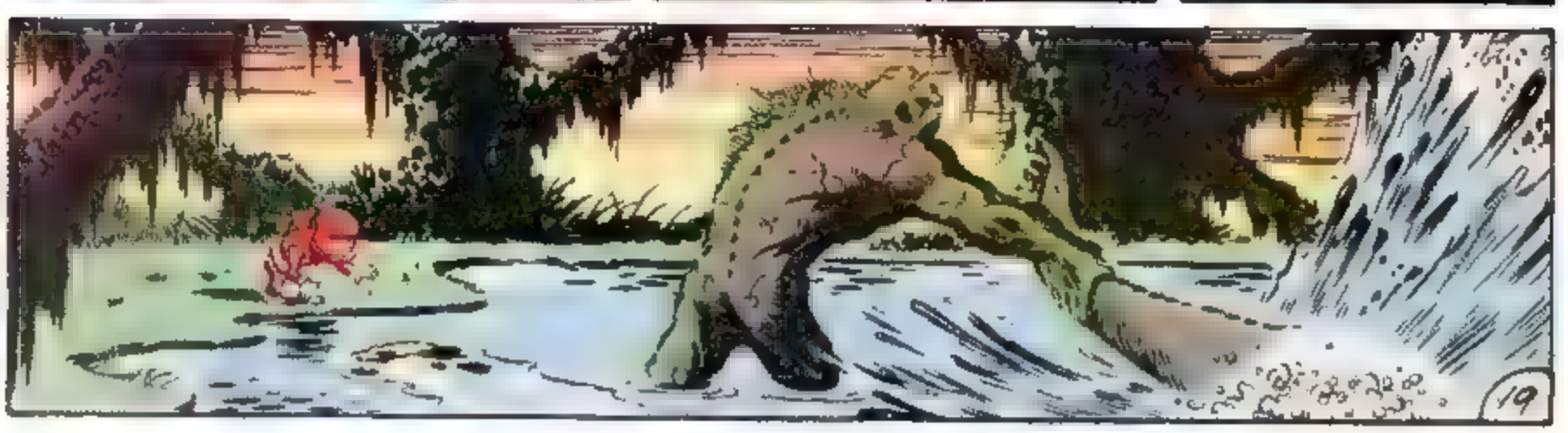
YYYEEEEEE!

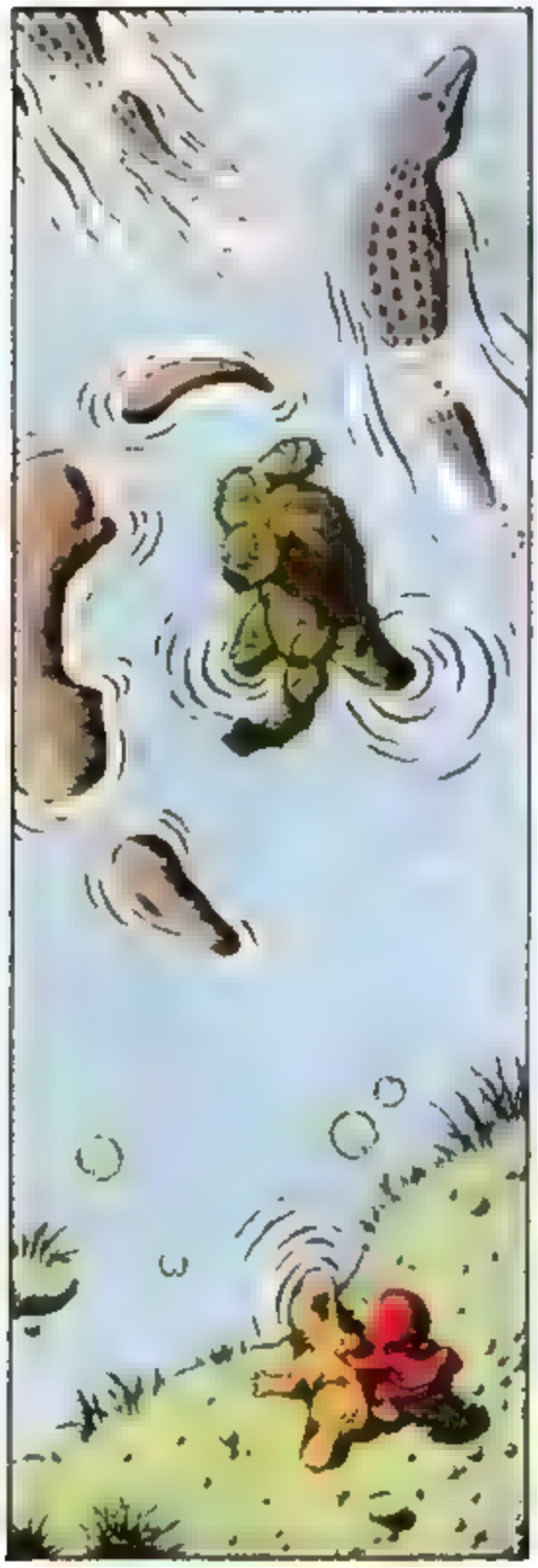
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

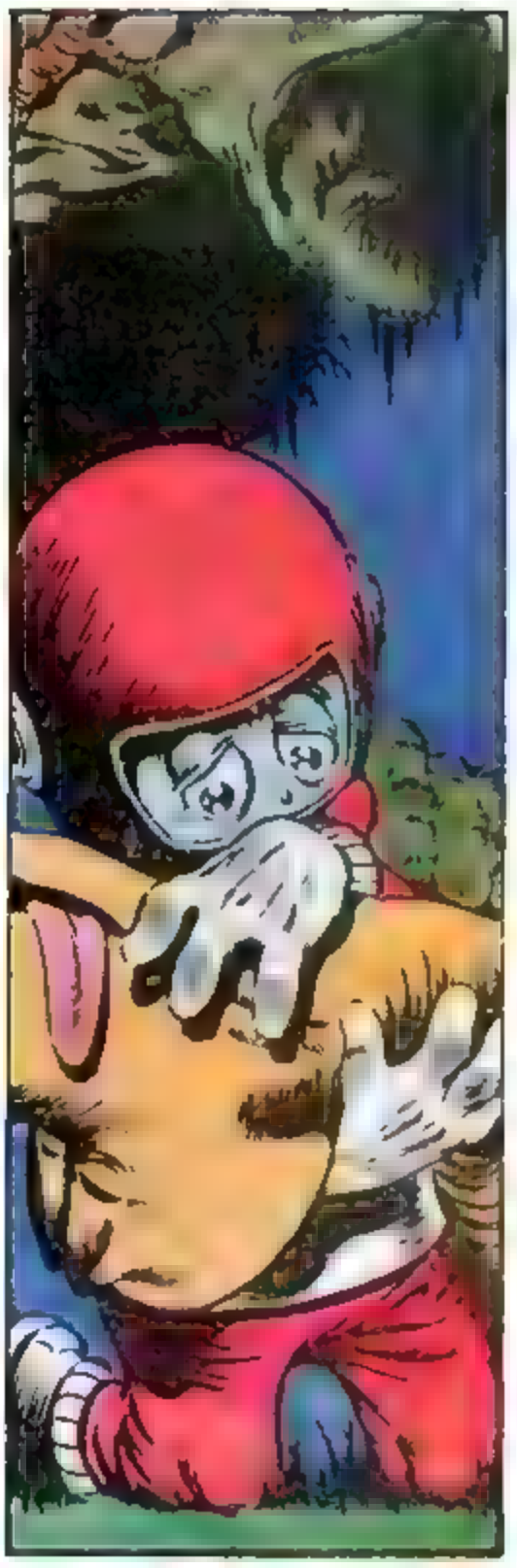
BARTLE?

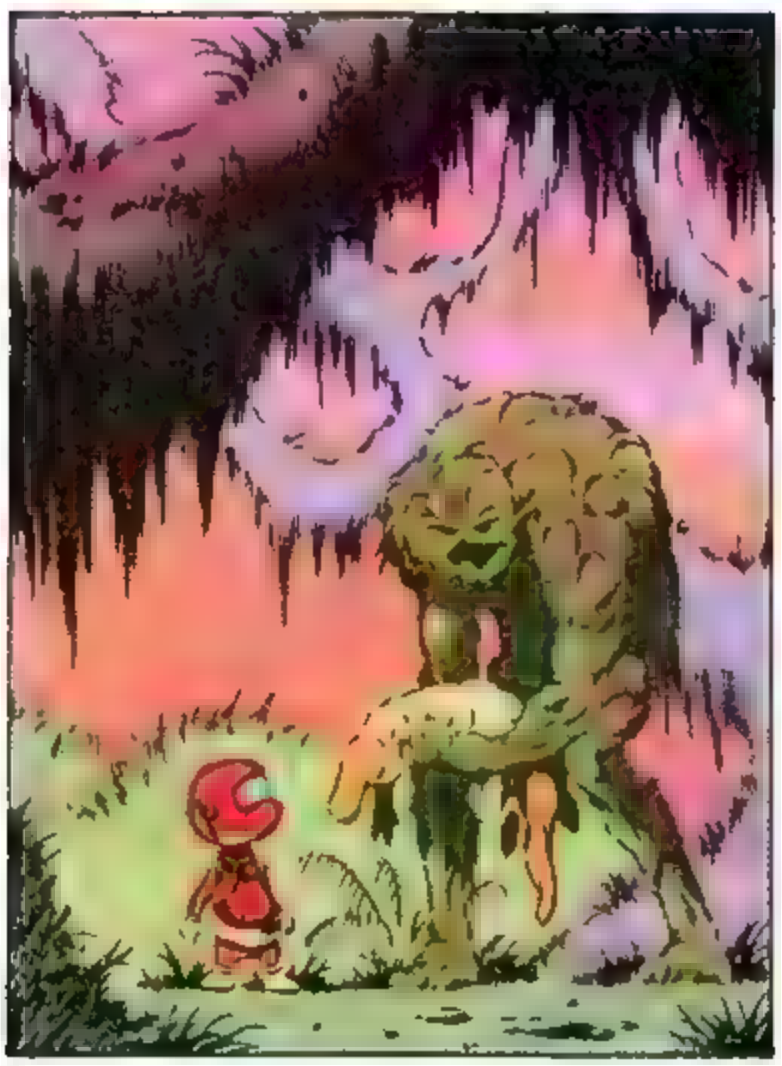
ZZZZZZZZZZ











FROM THE LOG OF THE VIVI-QUINQUEREME "FIND THE LADY":

"THIS LADY HAS PREMONSTRATED HER INHOSPITALITY, AND FRONT-MATE BARTLE IS DEAD.

"WE CANNOT REBIDE IN THIS PLACE.

"I COULD SORREFULLY BARE MYSELF TO TELL THE OTHERS.

"THE MYSTRICIDE, I THINK, WAS THE SOUL MOST ENSTRESSED BY MY DISPOSURE.

"HIS QUILLS BRINDLED, AND HE WOULD NOT LET US TOUCH THE CORPORELIC FOR SOME LITTLE TIME.

"OUR VIVI-QUINQUEREME PERFORMED THE NECROCESSARY EXGRAVATIONS...

"...AND THEN WE DELINQUISHED FRONT-MATE BARTLE TO THE SOIL HE HAD DIED BELIEVING WAS HIS HOME...

"... AND INFINALLY, IT WAS DONE...

"...SAVE FOR THE EXTINCT-SONS.

"'FIND THE LADY' DID HIS BETTERMOST NOT TO UNMEMBER THE WORDS, BUT I FEAR MOST OF THE SACREVERSES ARE LOST TO HIM.

"HE SANG 'DARK, A SOUL WIND BLASTS SO CHILLY..' LUCENTLY ENOUGH, BUT THE REST WAS MUMBLES.

"THE FLORALIEN CREATURE SEEDD TO ATTENTIVENESS, ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT WAS COMPREHOTION-ABLE TO HIM.

"AFTERWHILES, I THANKED HIM FOR HIS SINCERITABLE ATTITUDE.

"THEN WE WENT INBOARD AND ENSHELLTERED OURSELVES...

"...AND 'FIND THE LADY' RESTRACTED HIS CRAWMENTS...

"...AND DISCHARRED HIS ENTREACTORS...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING

"... AND WE CONTINUED ON OUR WAY."

--POG. (SHIPBOSS)
AE: 8491.4.01.

NEXT:
RITE OF SPRING

DC Comics Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10103

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Dear Karen,

Brrr! Alan Moore has single-handedly resurrected horror as a legitimate comics genre. He doesn't need skeletons falling out of closets and other bits of cheap theatrics to scare me; he just crawls under my skin with unusually well-crafted stories that work their way chillingly down my spine and then leap fiercely into the pit of my stomach at the end to leave me feeling more than just a little bit queasy...and completely satisfied. Always cunning, never predictable; these are the hallmarks of exceptional writing.

In SOTST #25, the sequences involving Jason Blood's bizarre prophecy, Swampy and Abigail's playful splash in Lacroix, Paul's autistic behavior (as well as his family's grisly death), and Matt Cable's warped mind games (you're SICK, buddy!) were handled quite deftly. Alan's subtle approach to story-telling (meaning the absence of the aforementioned cheap theatrics) is what makes an otherwise good issue a great one.

Anything I could say about the contributions of Bissette, Totleben, Wood, and Costanza—other than that they perfectly complement Mr. Moore's efforts—would be superfluous.

I dread the day when I may have to say, "They don't make comics like *this* anymore."

C. Alan Linfield
75 A Windy Falls Way
Cockeysville, MD 21030

*****

Dear Editor,

For the past two years I have followed (with a somewhat cynical view, I might add) this book and its evolution. Being an immense fan of the original Wein/Wrightson series, I thoroughly believed it would be impossible for this new series to be originally written and drawn, while at the same time maintaining a high level of quality. I was wrong.

SOTST #25's "The Sleep of Reason..." has decisively proven to me that Alan Moore, Stephen Bissette, John Totleben, Tatjana Wood, John Costanza, and everyone else involved are capable of producing one of today's best comics on a monthly basis. And in the glut of "publish them whenever we get around to it" independents, this is no small feat. You are all to be praised for doing a consistently great job in a short amount of time.

The current plotline in SOTST is fascinating and innovative. Alan, your expansions and revelations upon Swampy's origin are original and yet logical. They clear up numerous questions I've had through the years as to the muck-monster's indestructibility and regeneration. But the story is only a part of what makes this such a well-written book. The pseudocinematic use of parallel words in transition scenes and the perfect placement of captions add a great deal to create a beautifully flowing comic. I cast my vote for Alan Moore as lifetime writer on SOTST.

What can be said about Bissette's and Totleben's art except to say that it is exquisite? As their talents are being raved about in all the fanzines, I'll limit my comments to their use of Francisco Goya's "The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters" in issue #25. All I can say is "Wow!" Never in a mainstream, Code-approved, newsstand book would I expect to see a piece such as this so craftily included in the story. For anyone who recognized the work and what it symbolizes, the story was given added depth. Although I am unsure how the work was reproduced, I can truthfully say I would be pleased to see more artistic techniques such as this used in the future. Perhaps even more pieces from Goya's "Los Caprichos"?

Regardless, SOTST is a unique progressive that appears to be destined for greatness. Unlike so many other comics, SOTST is full of characters that evolve and change; this makes anything seem possible (although I can't believe Swampy is going to *stay* in the swamp, and Arcane isn't *really* dead—is he?). All I can do is say keep up the good work and thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,
Brian Keith Davenport

No great feat was involved in reproducing Goya's "The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters," Brian. It was simply photostated right from one of Steve's surrealistic art books and then reduced to the appropriate size(s).

*****

Dear Karen:

A friend of mine I will call Pierce (since that's his name) picked up the last copy of SWAMP THING #25 while we were at a store. I made some kind of tactful remark along the lines of, "Oh, brother—why are you still buying *that*?!?" I was taken aback when Pierce replied, "Because it's the best-written comic on the market."

I had bought the first few issues of the revived SWAMP THING book two years ago. I didn't like the art, and liked the stories even less. But there are some things you just take on faith, I suppose. And so, later that same day, I went to a comic shop, found out new writer Alan Moore had only started with issue 20, bought every issue he had written, and read them all in one sitting.

Pierce was right.

The last time I saw such an incredible improvement in an established character was way back when Englehart and Rogers breathed new life into the Batman. The new Swamp Thing stories are well-written, the art is detailed (and gorgeous), and you've got yourself another regular reader as long as this team stays around—which I hope will be a long, long time.

Now, if you could only get rid of the UPC box on the direct-sales editions of your comics and make SWAMP THING a Baxter comic, everything would be just perfect...

Sincerely,
Jim Dawson
323 Crescendo Way
Silver Spring, MD 20901

That's all for now, people. Special thanks to Shawn McManus for admirably filling in this month for Steve and John, while they recuperate from the annual. Next month: "The Rite of Spring"—a real honest-to-goodness love story between Swamp Thing and Abby. You'll hate yourself if you miss it! Take Care—Karen